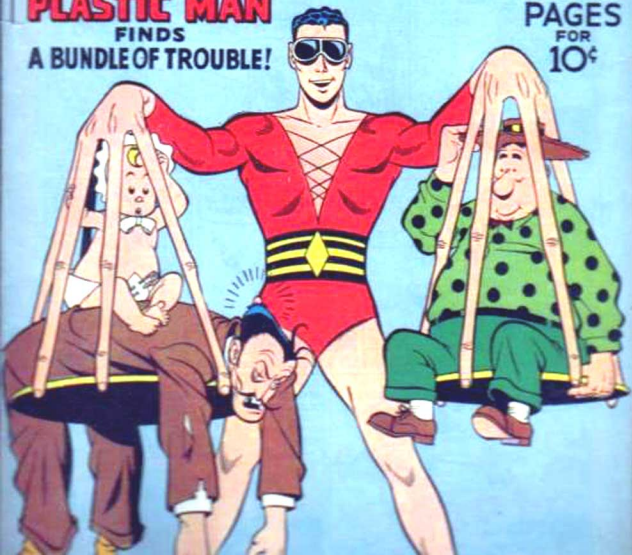


POLICETM COMICS

DECEMBER
No. 61

PLASTIC MAN
FINDS
A BUNDLE OF TROUBLE!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

POLICE

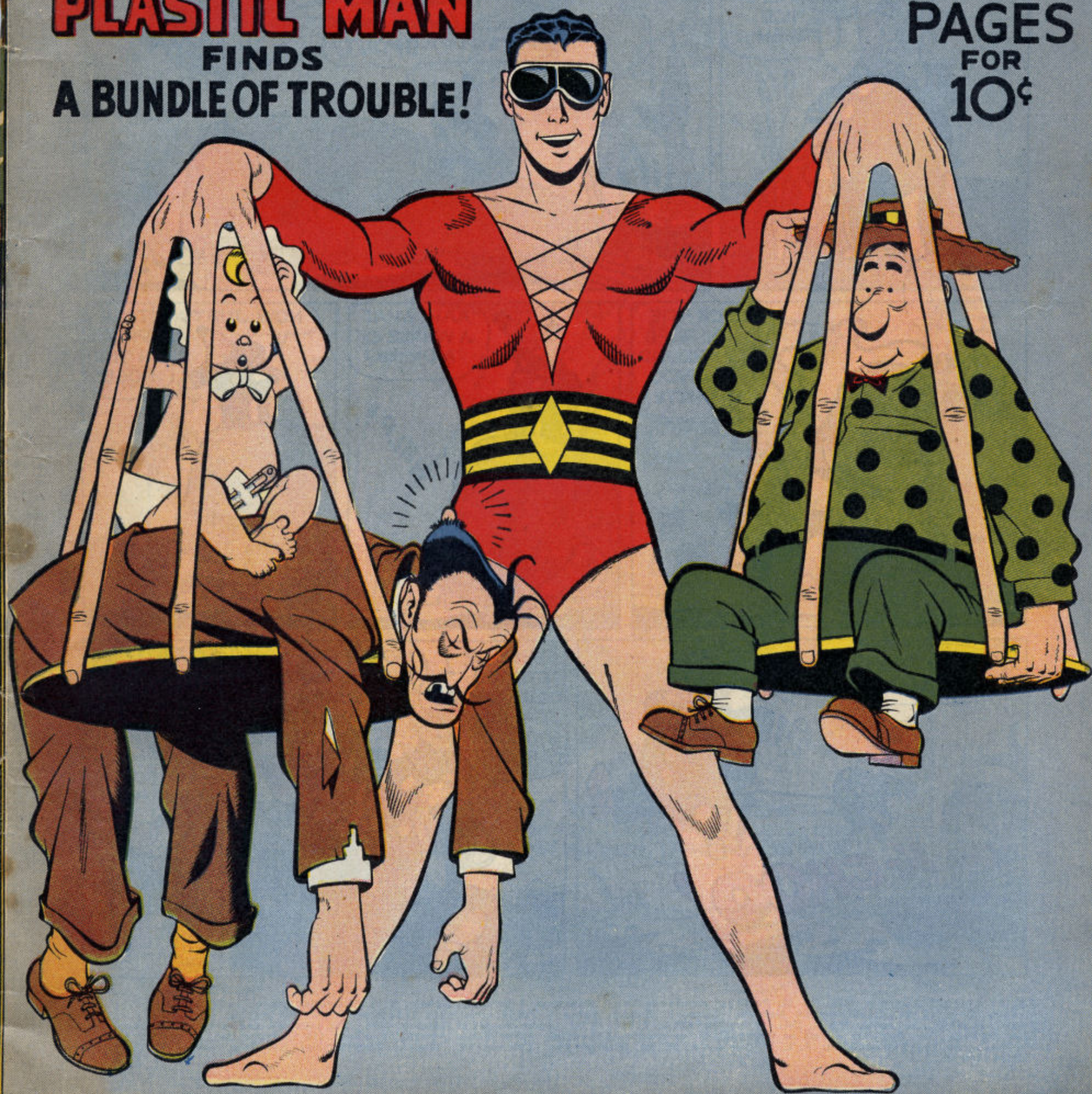
COMICS

SM 12 QUALITY COMIC GROUP

DECEMBER
No. 61

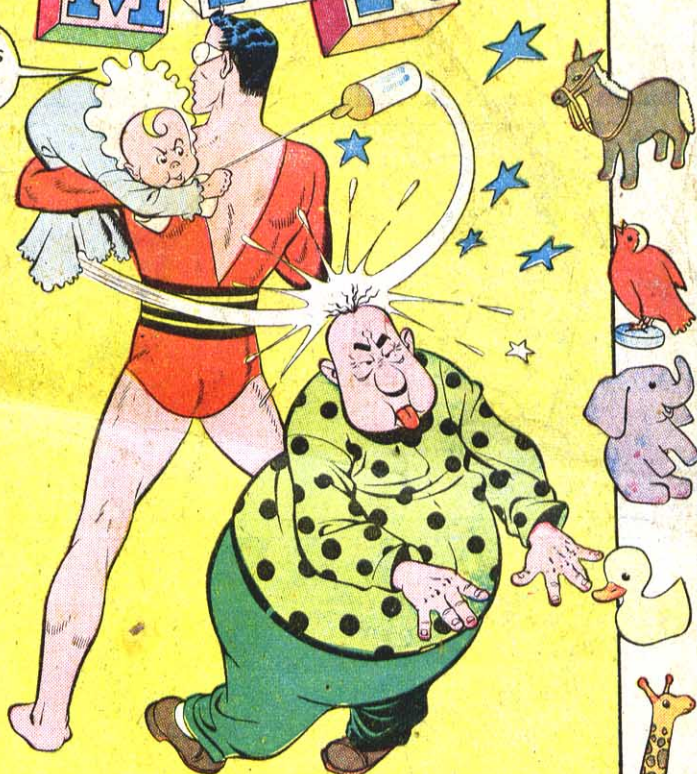
PLASTIC MAN
FINDS
A BUNDLE OF TROUBLE!

STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



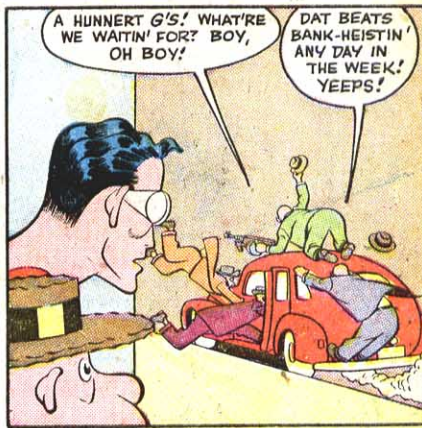
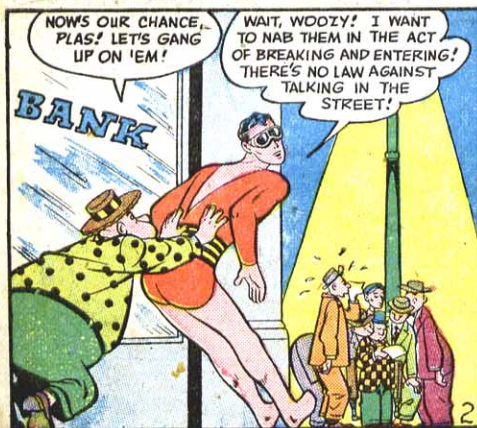
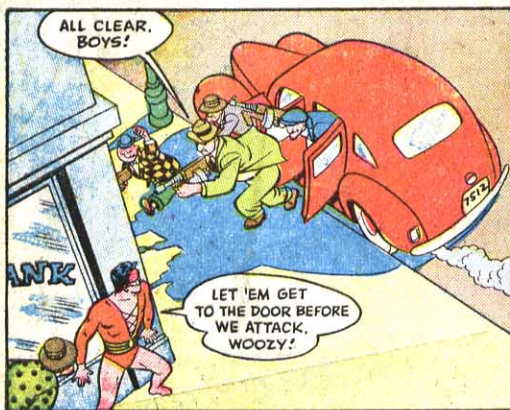
PLASTIC MAN

POOR
HELPLESS
LITTLE
TYKE!

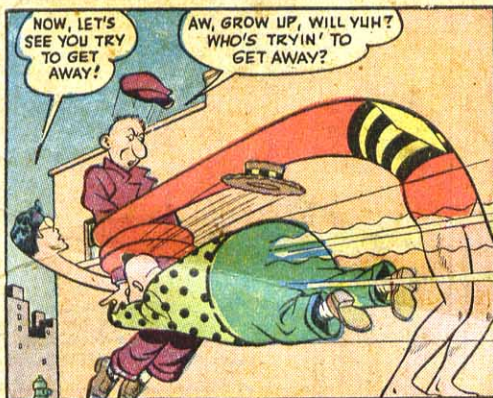


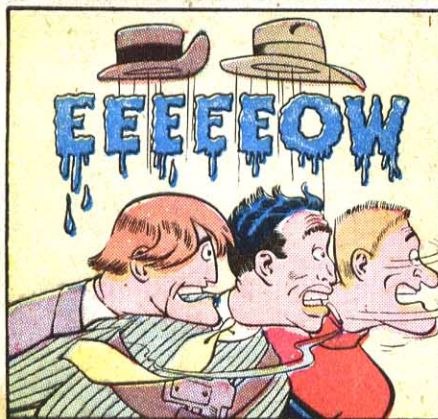
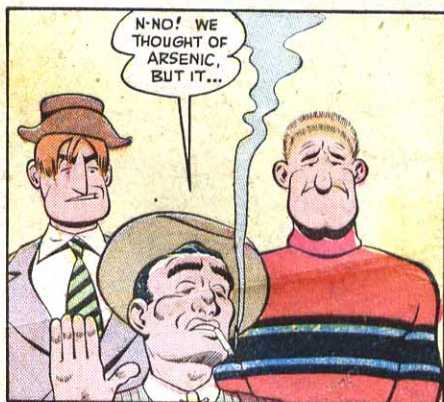
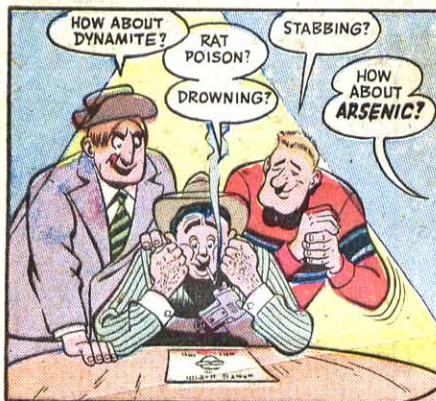
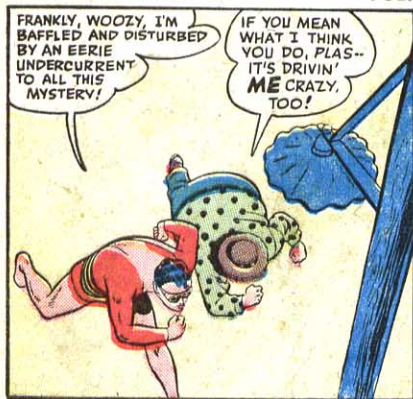
What? Plastic Man a **MOTHER**? Yes... and thereby hangs a tale ... a tale of thrills and chills and laughs... and maybe even a tear or two ... of tenderness and violence, treachery and trust!

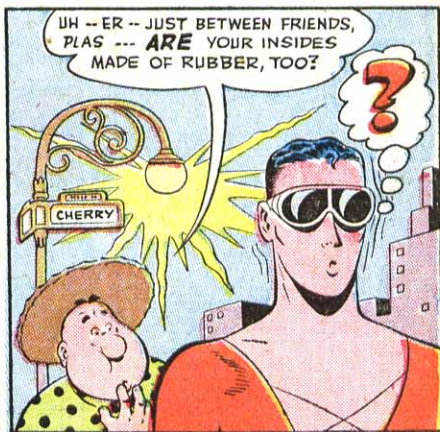
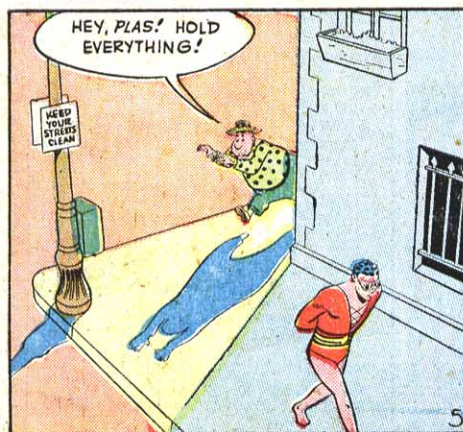
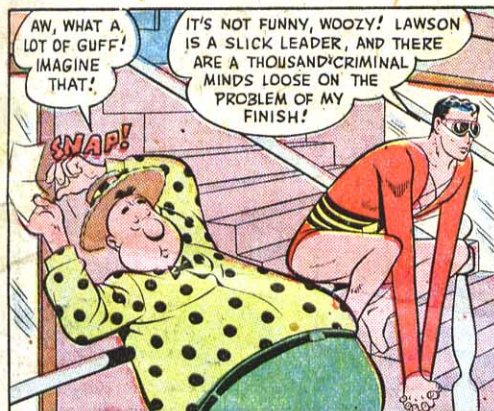
POLICE COMICS



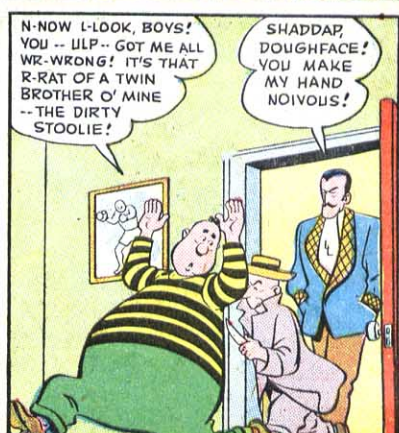
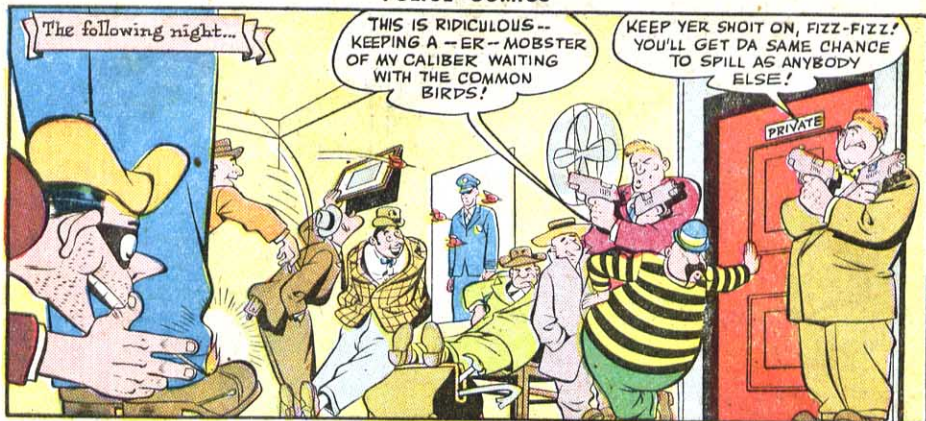
POLICE COMICS



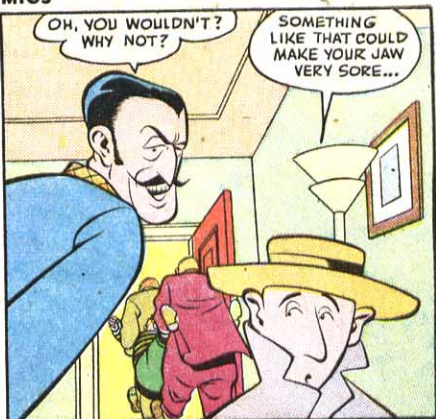




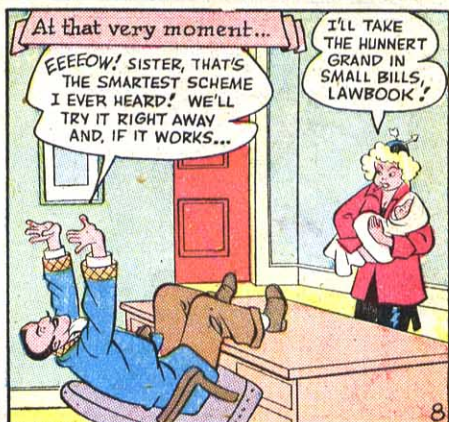
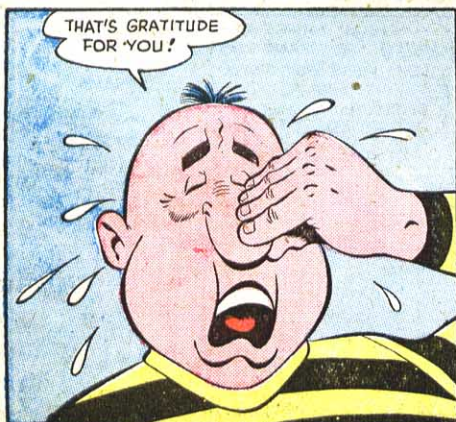
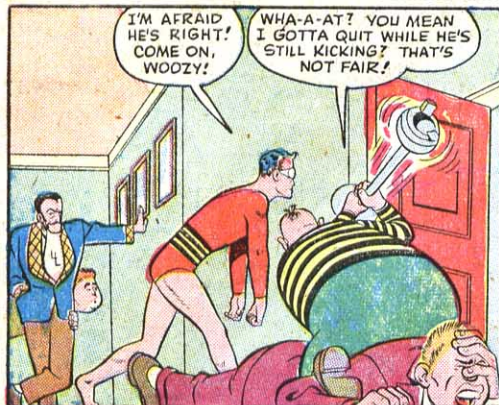
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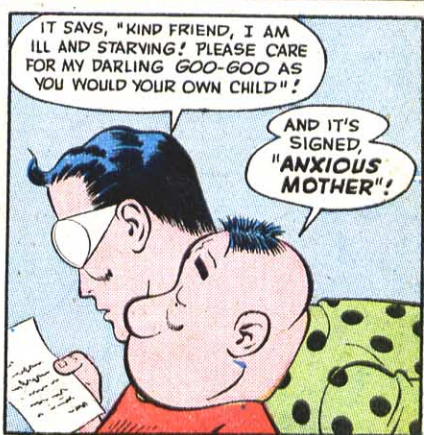
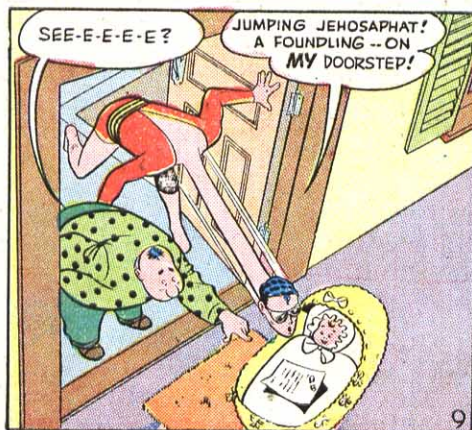
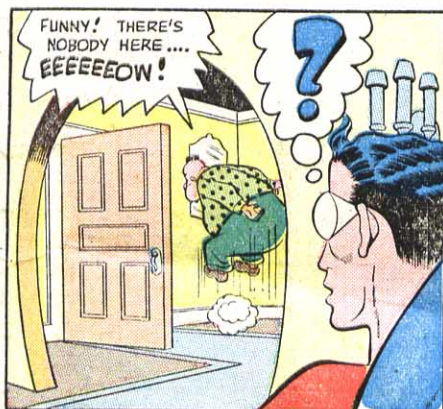
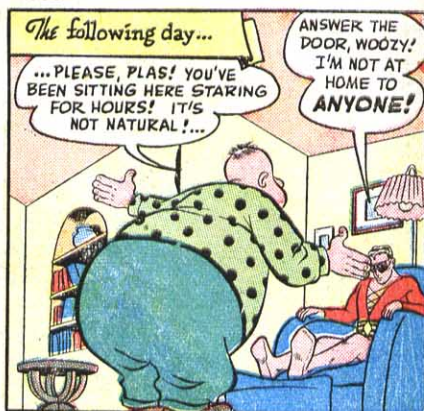
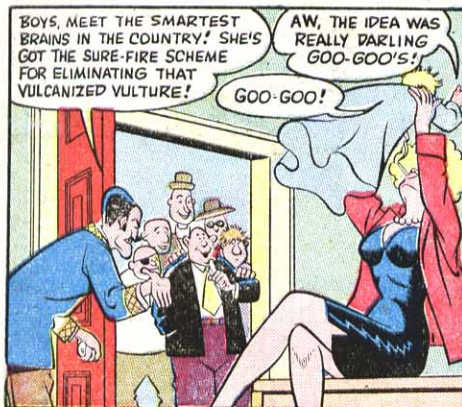
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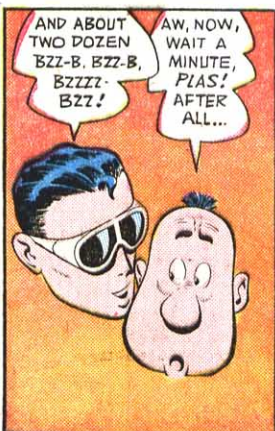
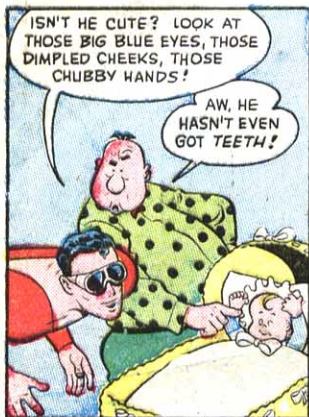
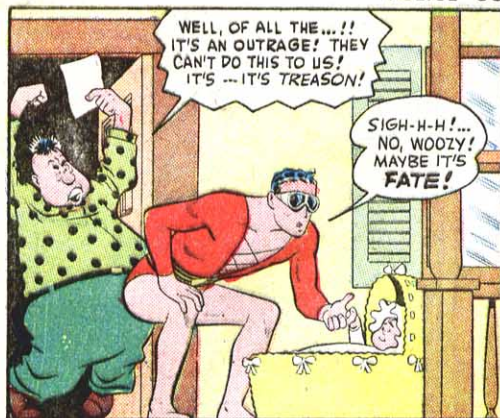


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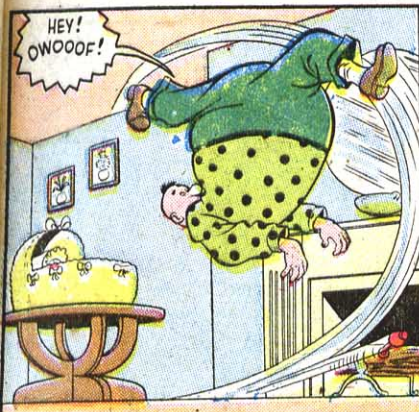


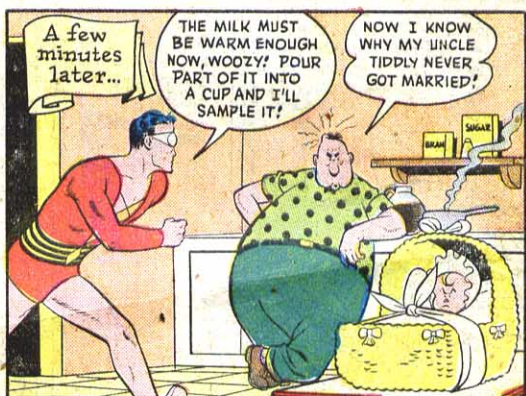
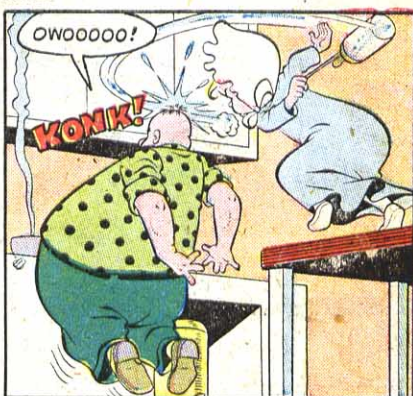
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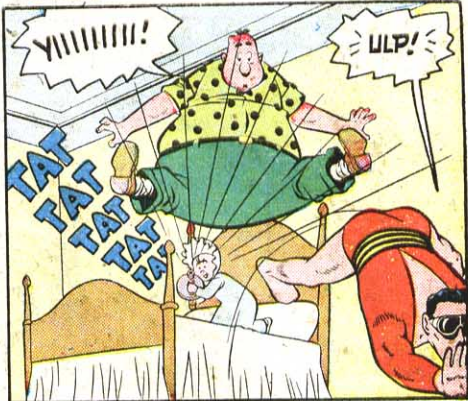


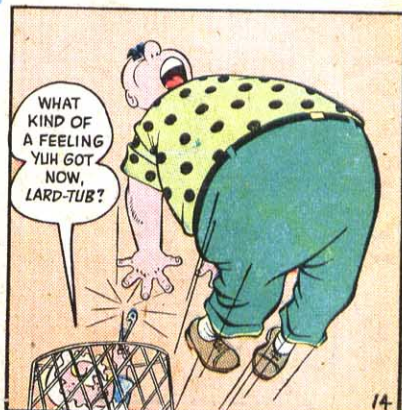
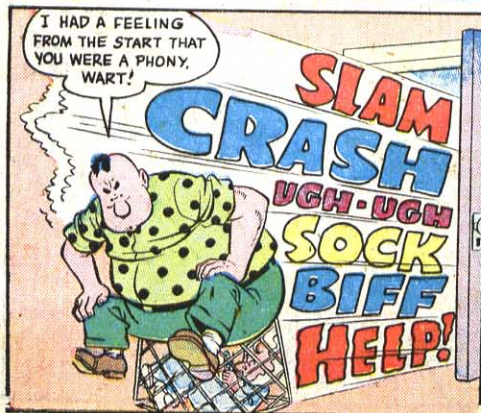
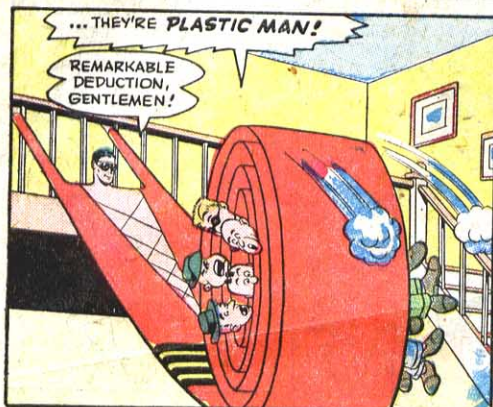
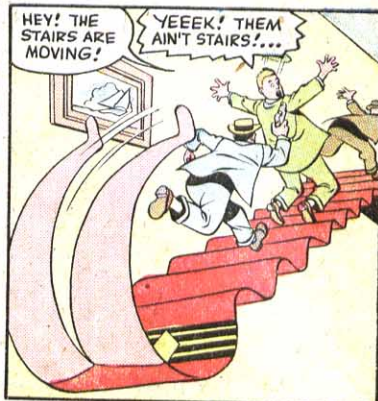


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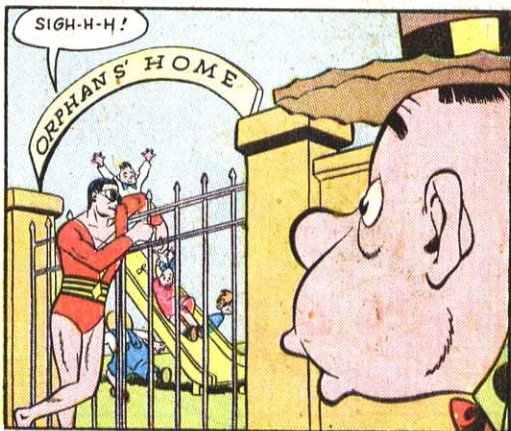
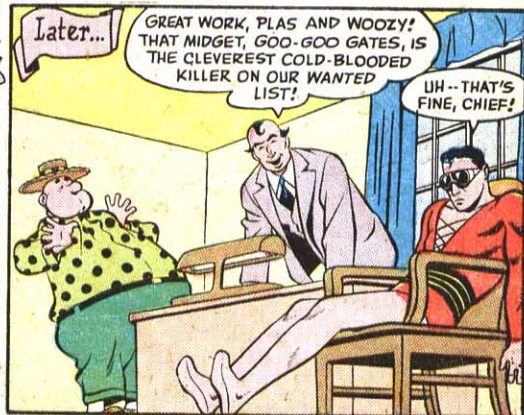




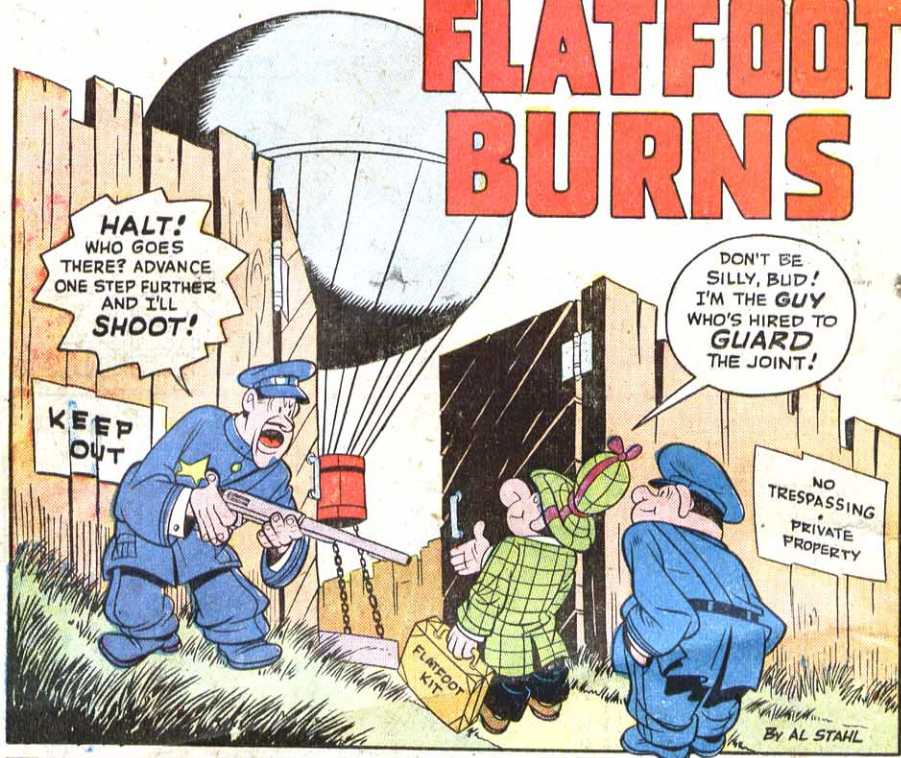




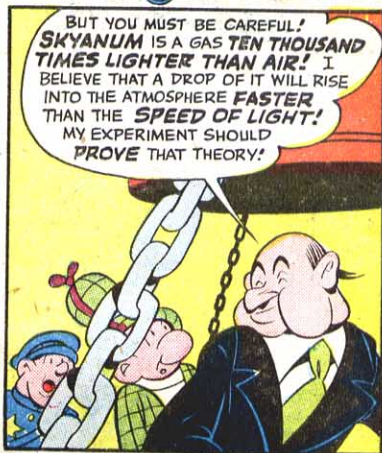
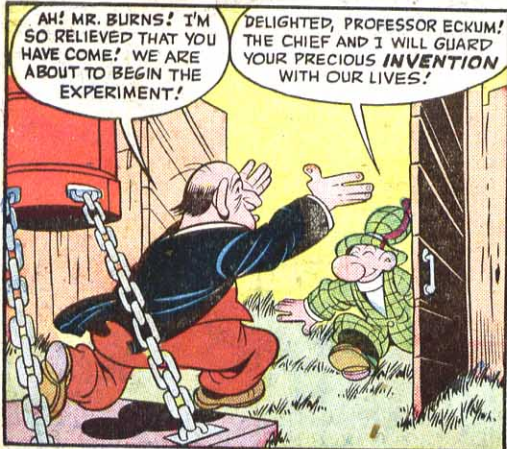
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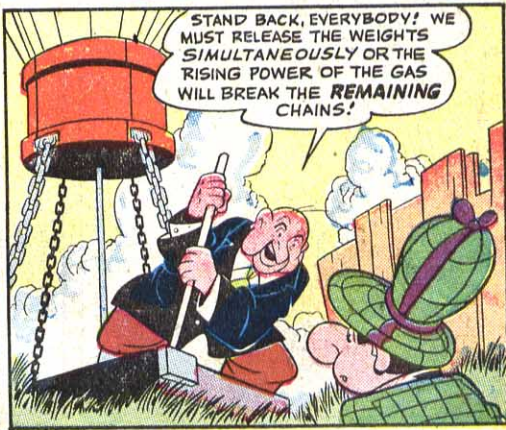
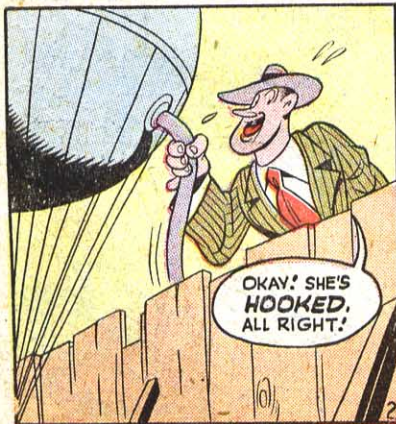
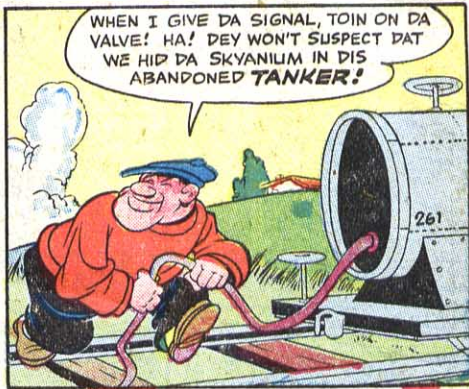
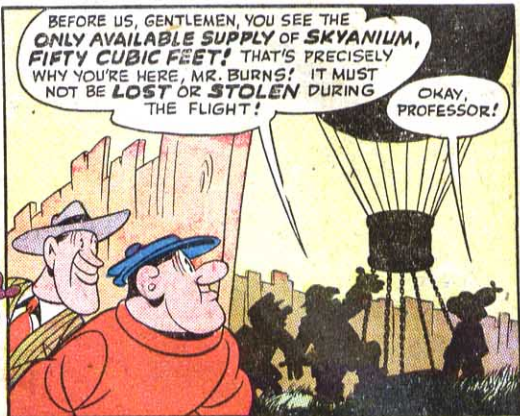


FLATFOOT BURNS

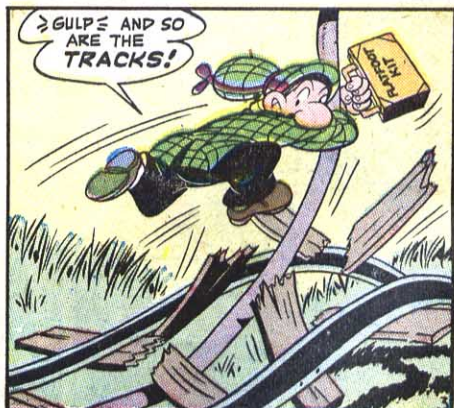
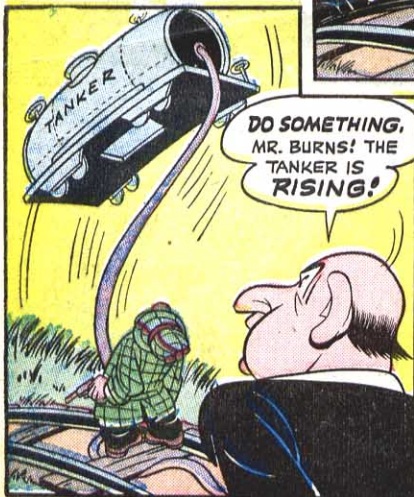
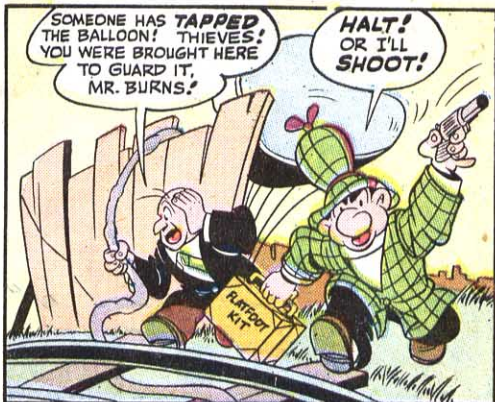
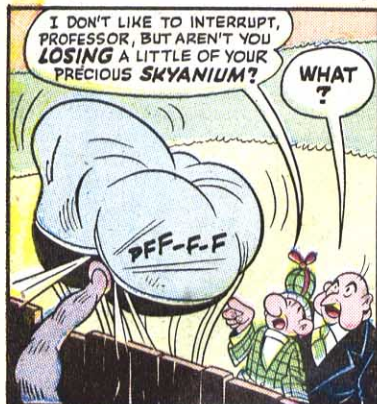


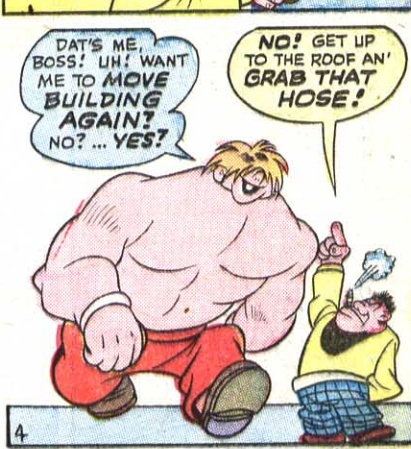
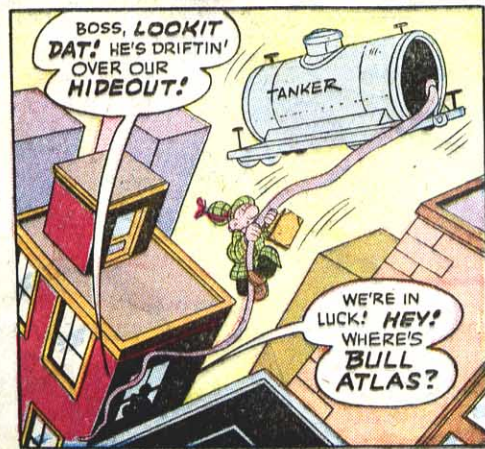
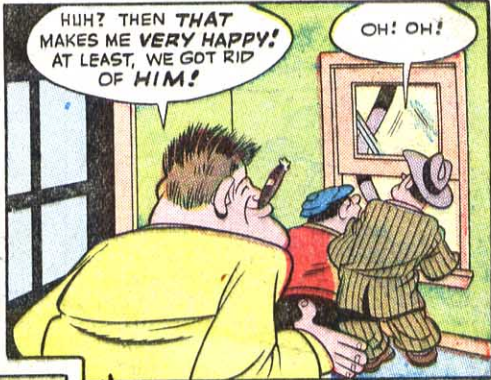
By AL STAHL

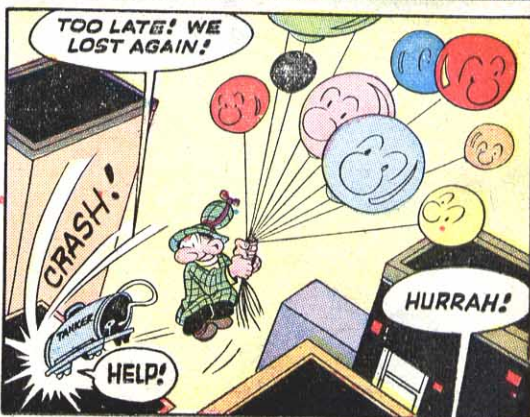
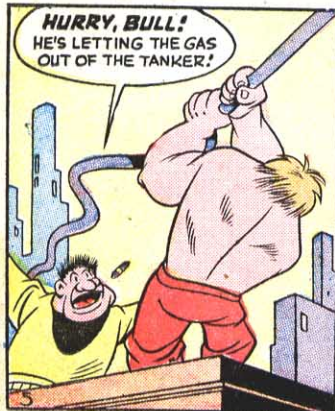
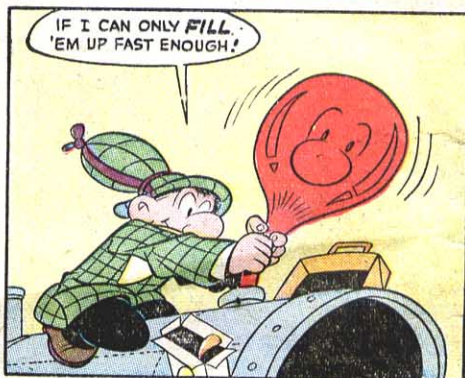


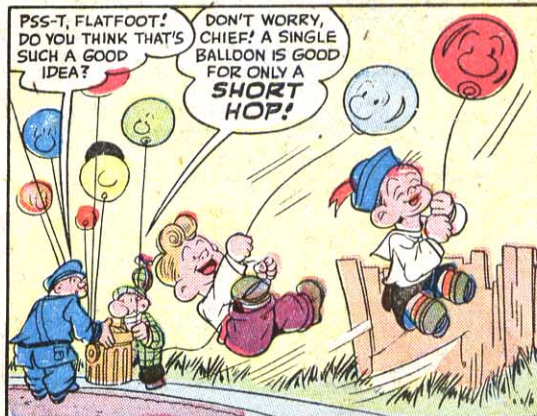
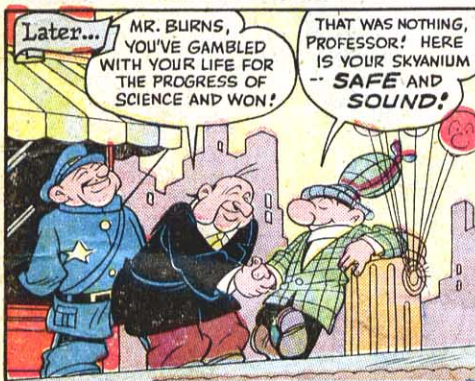
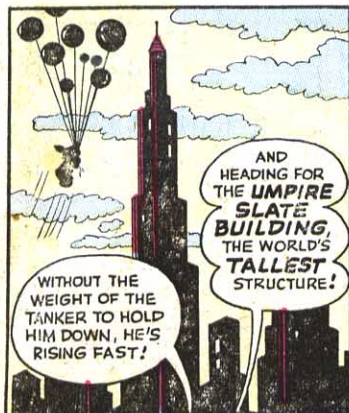


POLICE COMICS

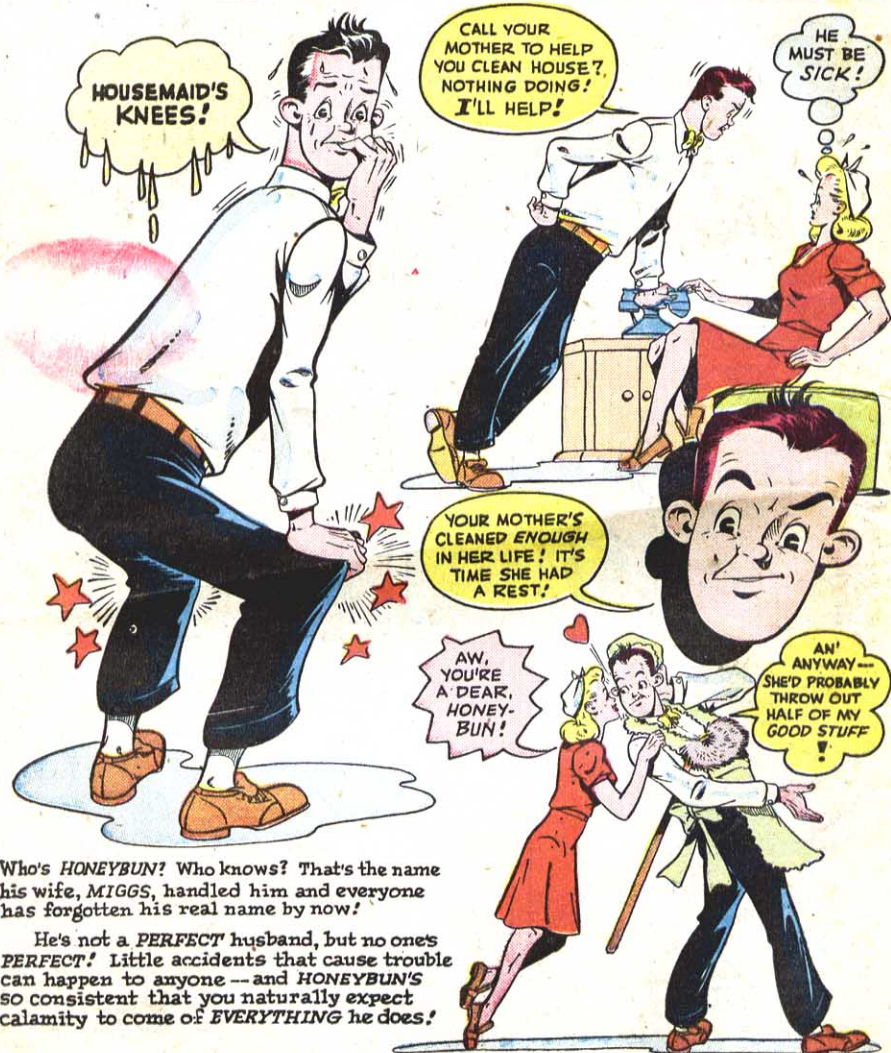






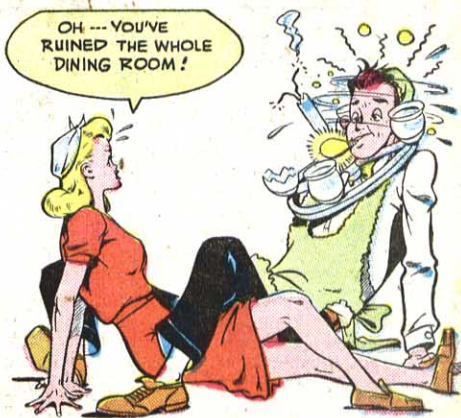
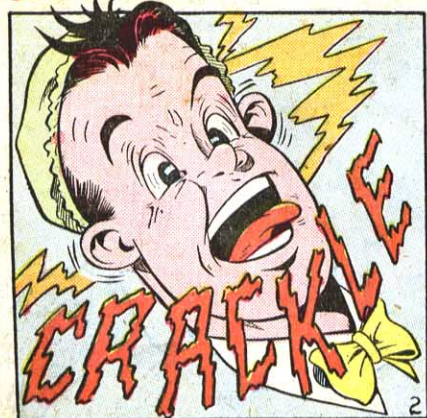
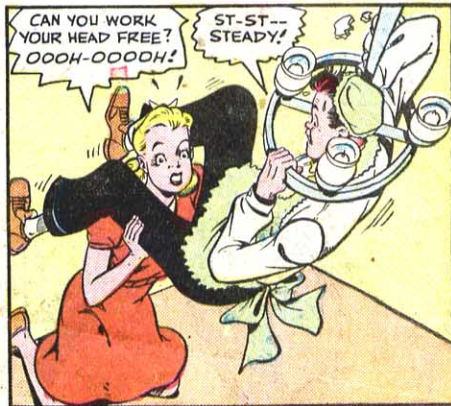
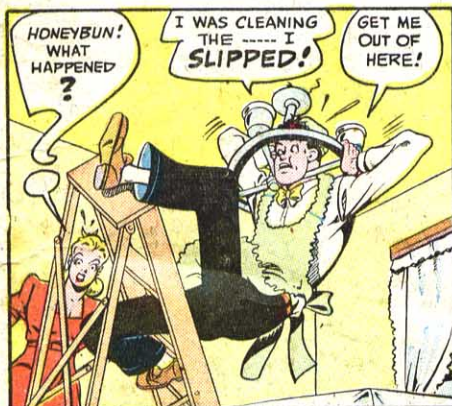
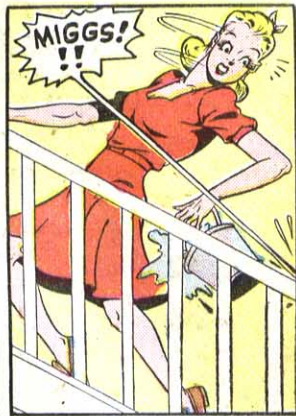


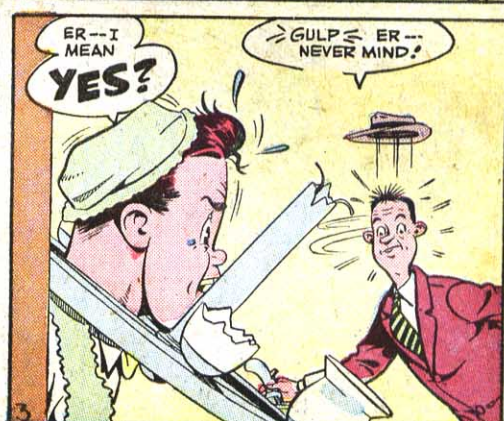
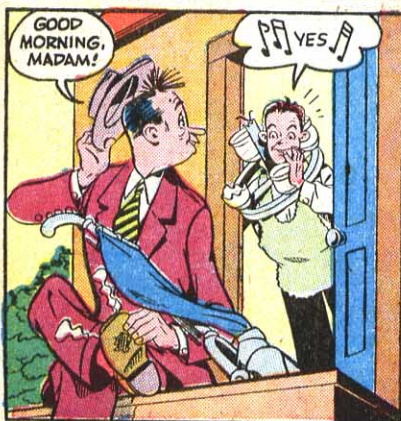
HONEYBUN

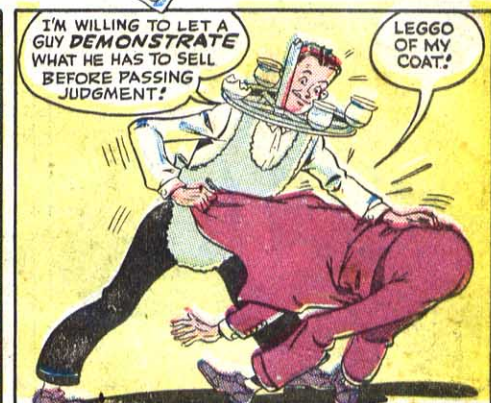
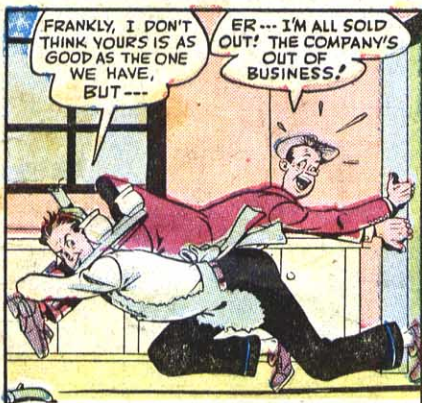


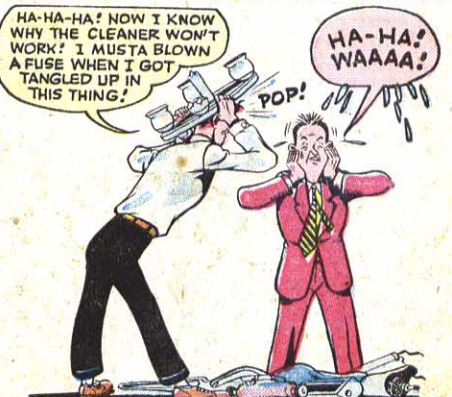
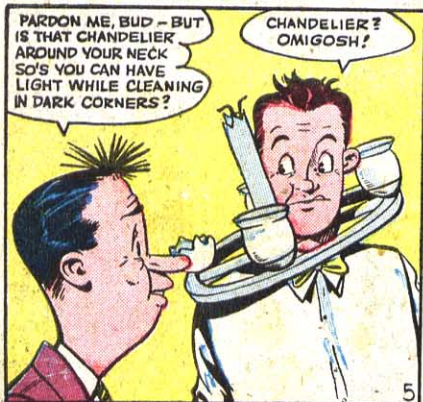
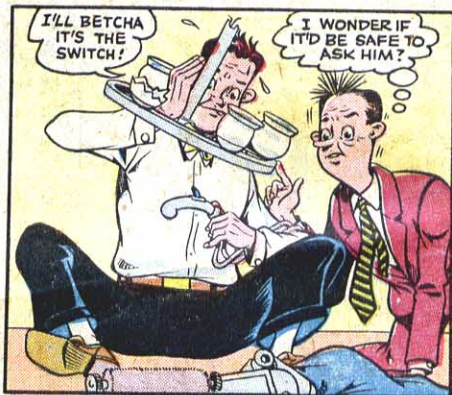
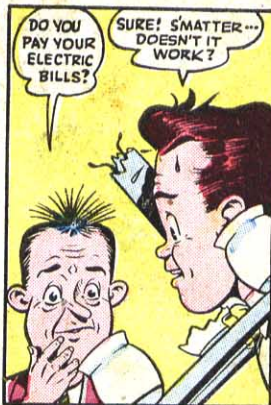
Who's **HONEYBUN**? Who knows? That's the name his wife, **MIGGS**, handled him and everyone has forgotten his real name by now!

He's not a **PERFECT** husband, but no one's **PERFECT**! Little accidents that cause trouble can happen to anyone -- and **HONEYBUN**'S so consistent that you naturally expect calamity to come of **EVERYTHING** he does!

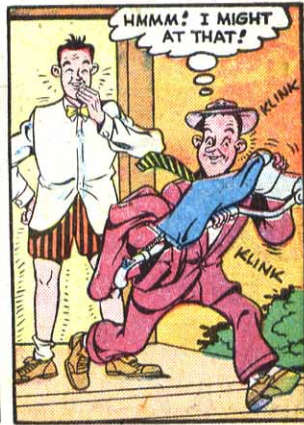
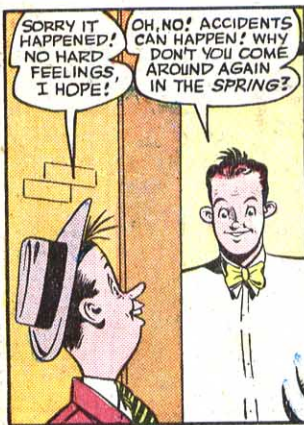
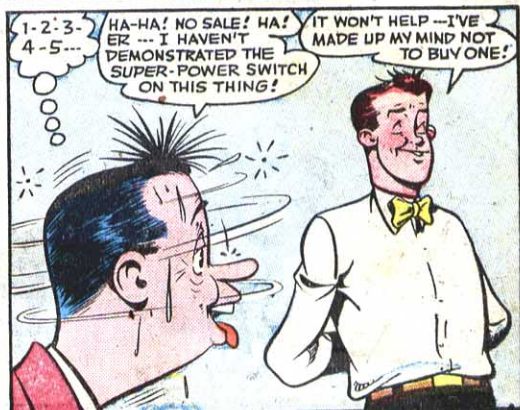




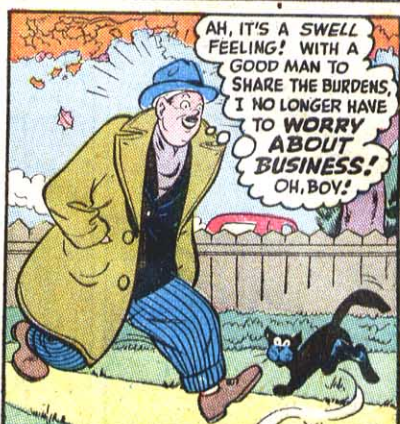
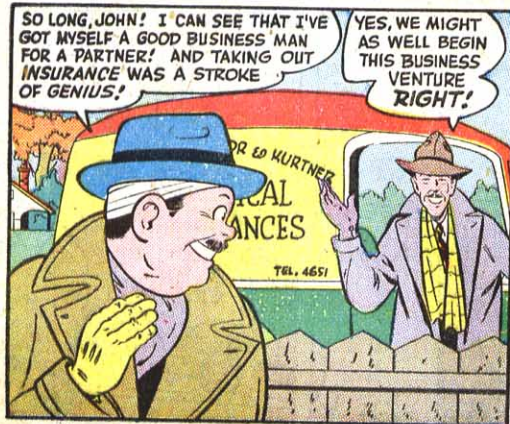
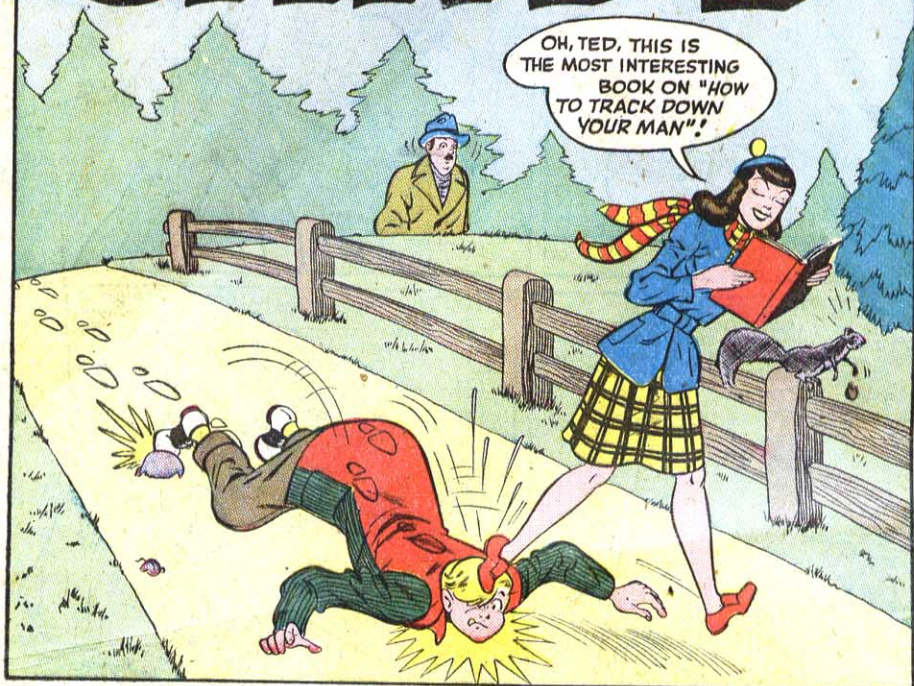


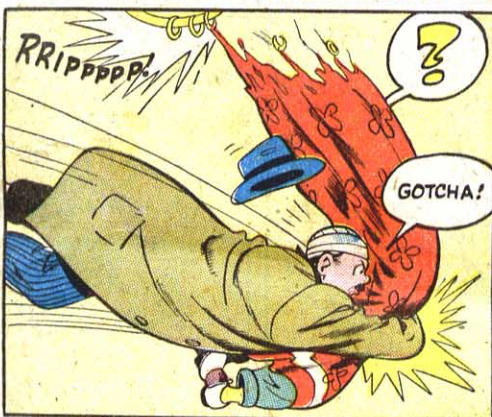


POLICE COMICS

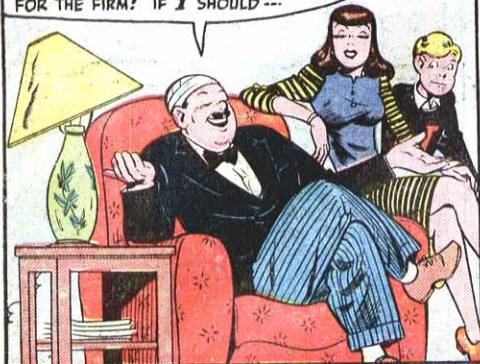


CANDY



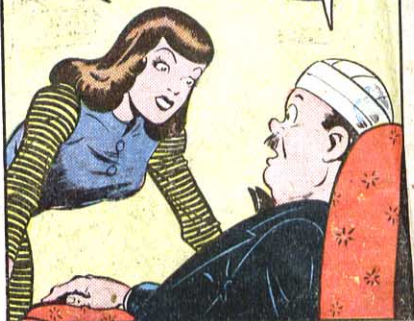


YES--BOTH ACCIDENT AND LIFE INSURANCE! IF KURTNER SHOULD DIE, I'D COLLECT \$10,000 FOR THE FIRM! IF I SHOULD --



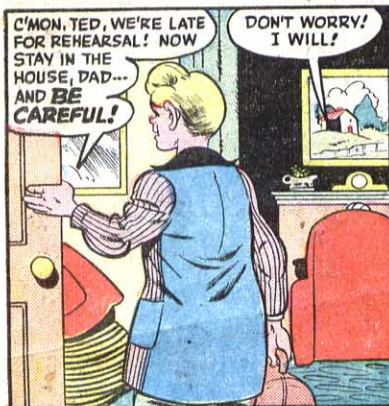
IF YOU SHOULD
D-DIE, THEN **HE**
COLLECTS \$10,000!

UH--ER---
AH, YES, THAT'S
RIGHT!

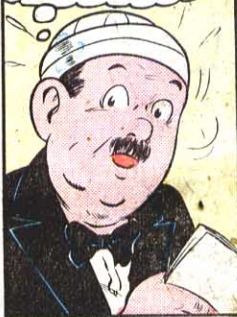


C'MON, TED, WE'RE LATE FOR REHEARSAL! NOW STAY IN THE HOUSE, DAD... AND **BE CAREFUL!**

**DON'T WORRY!
I WILL!**

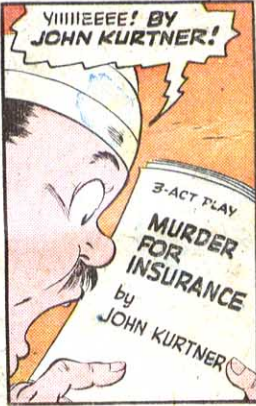


HEY! WHY SHOULD I STAY IN THE HOUSE AND BE CAREFUL? THE WEATHER IS FINE AND---



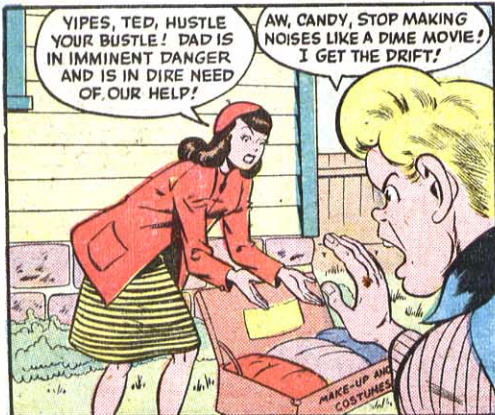
YIIIIIEEEE! BY
JOHN KURTNER!

3-ACT PLAY
**MURDER
FOR
INSURANCE**
by
JOHN KURTNER

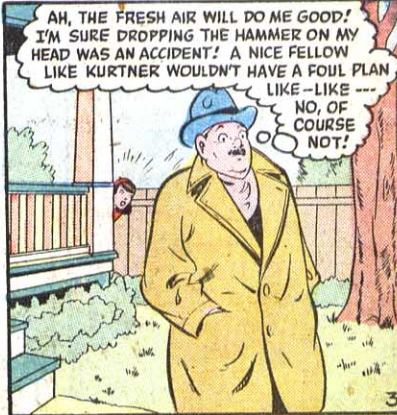


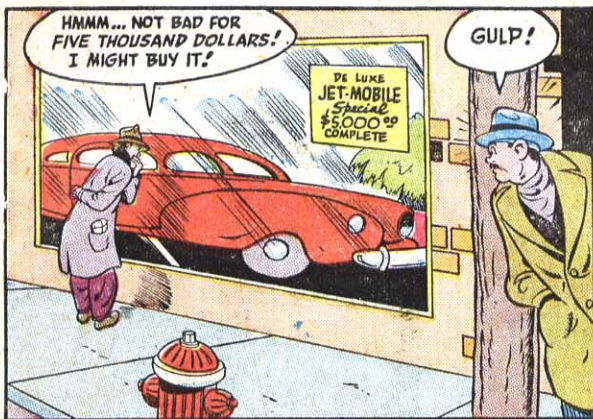
YIPES, TED, HUSTLE
YOUR BUSTLE! DAD IS
IN IMMINENT DANGER
AND IS IN DIRE NEED
OF OUR HELP!

AW, CANDY, STOP MAKING
NOISES LIKE A DIME MOVIE!
I GET THE DRIFT!

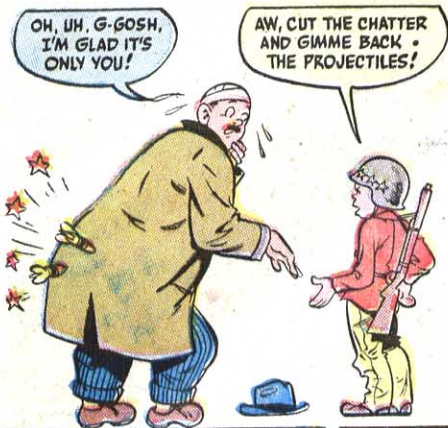


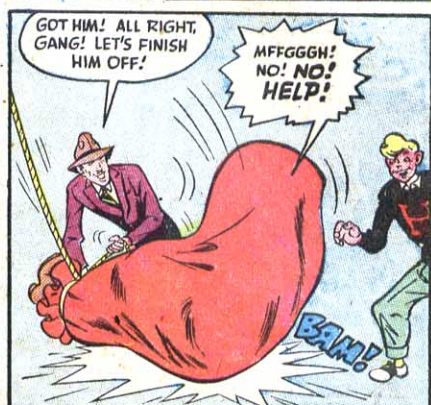
AH, THE FRESH AIR WILL DO ME GOOD!
 I'M SURE DROPPING THE HAMMER ON MY
 HEAD WAS AN ACCIDENT! A NICE FELLOW
 LIKE KURTNER WOULDN'T HAVE A FOUL PLAN
 LIKE-LIKE ---
 NO, OF
 COURSE
 NOT!

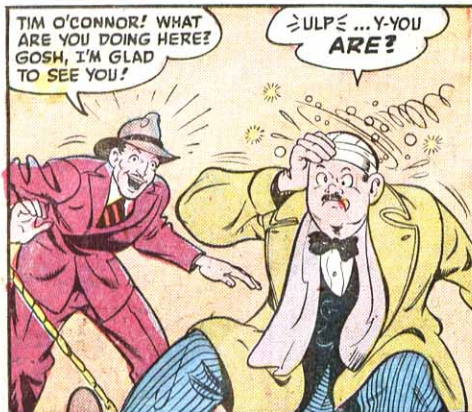




POLICE COMICS







Dewey Drip

SIX STRAIGHT HOURS AND NARY A BITE!

RECKON AH MOUGHT AS WELL GIVE UP AFTAH THIS ONE LAST TRY!

Two hours later...

NUP, THAR AINT NO MOAH FISH IN THIS POND THAN THAR IS PINK-WHISKERED HOOTY OWLS IN MAH HIND HIP POCKET!

RECKON AH'LL CALL IT A DAY AND TAKE A GOOD LONG NAP! AH'M POW'FUL TIRED FUM ALL THIS LABUH!

Dewey's Dream

HEY, WHO YOU BE?

WHY, DEWEY—AIN'T YO' EVUH HEARD OF A HILL-BILLY MERMAID?

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTING WHEN SHE COMES!

AN' DEWEY, AH DO THINK YO' IS THE KEE-UTEST BOY IN ALL THESE HILLS!

AN' TO THINK AH WAS A-WASTIN' ALL THIS TIME TRYIN' TO GET JEST FISH OUTTA THET THAR PUDDLE!

MAH NEXT TURN T' KISS HIM, PLEASE!

Later...

NARY A BITE, EH? AH TOLD YO' NUFFIN' EVER COME OUTTA THET POND!

THET'S WHAT YO' THINK, BATHLESS JONES! HUBBA, HUBBA, HUBBA!

HMMM! DRIP DONE BLEW HIS TOP FO' KEEPS THIS-A TIME!

Manhunter

There's nothing **MANHUNTER** and **THOR** enjoy more than the thrill of the chase... but even that excitement can pall when they keep chasing the same Strange figure again and again!

It's no wonder they were both a little dizzy before they finally cracked the bewildering **Case of The Vanishing Vagabond!**



POLICE COMICS

Patrolman Dan Richards walks his night beat....

HO-HMMM! THEATRE'S OUT! FROM NOW ON, THIS STREET'LL BE AS DEAD AS LAST WEEK'S NEWSPAPERS!



I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS ON MY NIGHT OFF! THEY SAY VALTINI'S PLENTY GOOD!

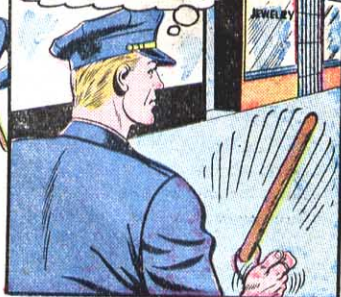
VANISHING VALTINI.



Ole Man Who Laughs At Locks!



I'M GLAD HE'S AN ENTERTAINER INSTEAD OF A CROOK! HE COULD BE A HEADACHE FOR THE FORCE IF HE EVER TURNED TO CRIME!



I'LL BE GLAD WHEN I GO BACK ON DAY DUTY SO MANHUNTER CAN PROWL AT NIGHT! I'M BORED STIFF ON THIS BEAT!

JEWELRY

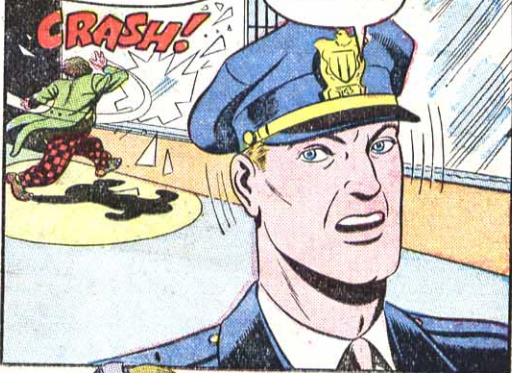


I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAP.....

CRASH!



WHA...??



I GOT MY WISH!

HALT! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!



OOOFFF!

ON THE OTHER HAND, WHY WASTE BULLETS?



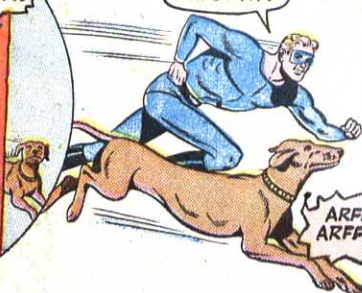
POLICE COMICS



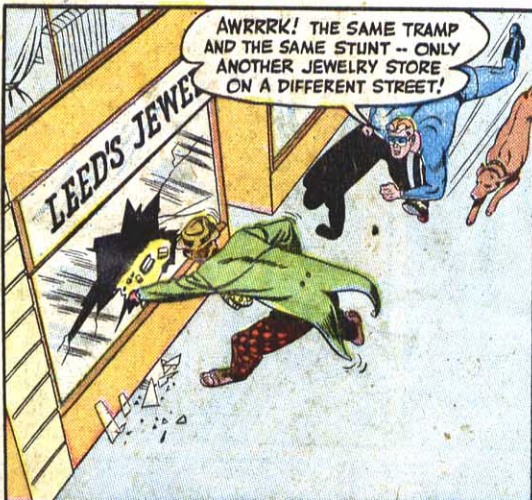


WHEEEET! HERE, THOR!

GOOD DOG! LET'S HEAD DOWN TOWARD BUMTOWN AND SEE IF WE CAN'T SPOT THAT LITTLE TRAMP IN HIS NATIVE HABITAT!



ARFF. ARFF!



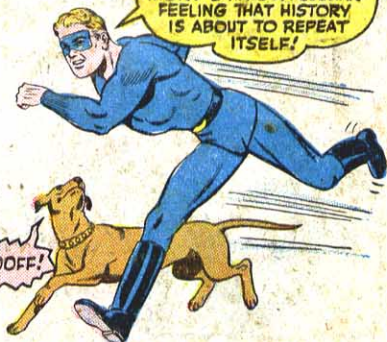
A short time later, as Manhunter returns the stolen jewels...

EEEEAWK! EVERYTHING'S HERE BUT ONE UNCUT EMERALD WORTH AT LEAST \$15,000! THAT'S STILL MISSING!

WHAT? BUT I SEARCHED THAT TRAMP MYSELF, THOROUGHLY...



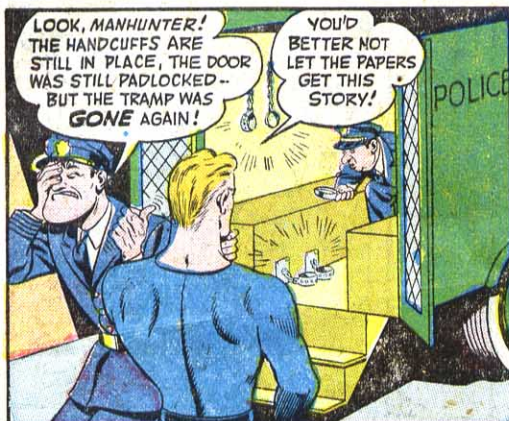
TO THE POLICE STATION, THOR! I HAVE A PECULIAR FEELING THAT HISTORY IS ABOUT TO REPEAT ITSELF!



WOOF!

LOOK, MANHUNTER! THE HANDCUFFS ARE STILL IN PLACE, THE DOOR WAS STILL PADLOCKED-- BUT THE TRAMP WAS GONE AGAIN!

YOU'D BETTER NOT LET THE PAPERS GET THIS STORY!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, THOR! HOW CAN A MAN VANISH INTO... AWRK! OF ALL THE NERVE...



VANISHING VALTINI!



THAT SAME TRAMP AGAIN! AND HEADING RIGHT FOR THE STAGE ENTRANCE OF THE THEATRE! WAIT...!!

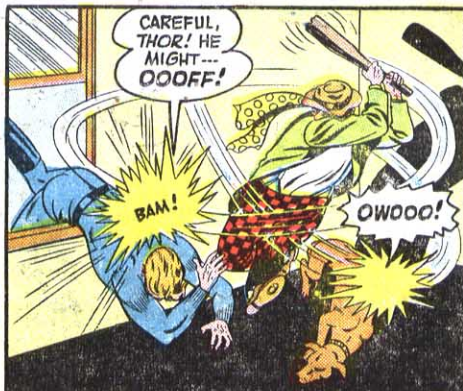
OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT? WHO ELSE BUT THE VANISHING VALTINI, ESCAPE ARTIST, COULD PULL SUCH TRICKS WITH HANDCUFFS AND LOCKS?

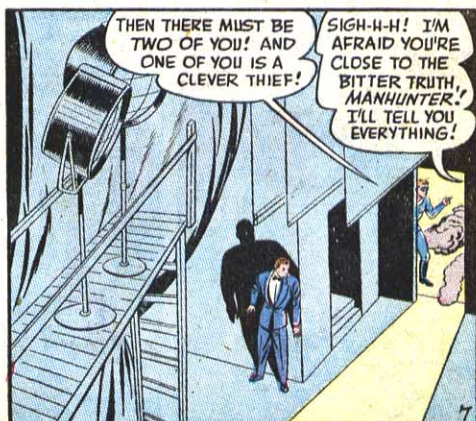


HE'S GOING IN THAT WINDOW! WE'LL FOLLOW AND SURPRISE HIM WITH HIS LOOT!



GRRRR!







WE'RE DRESSED ALIKE, WE LOOK ALIKE! MANHUNTER WON'T KNOW US APART... UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE, NOW THAT HE KNOWS...



MANHUNTER! OH, MANHUNTER...!



WHAT IS IT? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO THE STATION!

I WAS, BUT I THOUGHT OF A STUNT TO TRAP MY BROTHER! WE CAN NAIL HIM AND RECOVER THE STOLEN JEWELRY!

QUIET, THOR!



GRRRR!

HERE! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THESE PICTURES, MANHUNTER...

ALL RIGHT!



SNIFF! SNIFF!

I'M LOOKING, BUT I DON'T GET IT, VALTINI!



YOU WILL, MANHUNTER! LOOK CLOSER, CLOSER---

EEEEOW! MY WRIST!

ARGHHH!



OWWOOF!

ALL YOU NEED IS AN ANESTHETIC TO DEADEN THE PAIN!





MURDER Takes a Seat

THE moors dripped and seemed to breathe a lethal mist. The half-light of evening didn't penetrate this odious mist, and on the lower reaches of the moor the growing things sagged under their weight of dampness.

Ben La Farge slogged through the mists, a gay tune on his lips. The day's hunt had been good, and his jacket sagged under a full quota of ducks. He'd enjoy reaching the great, bright house on the hill where he'd have a fine dinner. Later that night he'd be off to visit his fiancée, Grace Worth, who lived just over the moor a few miles.

Ben began a new tune as he swung up to the path leading home.

Hobbs, the butler, was excitedly phoning the police when Ben entered the front door. Ben halted, startled, and listened to Hobbs' statement to headquarters. With a gasp the butler hung up the instrument and turned horrified eyes on Ben.

"Your father, sir, he—he's—"

"What!" cried Ben. "What's the matter with Dad?"

But Hobbs couldn't answer, and Ben threw his coat and hat on the floor and dashed for his father's library in the west wing of the big house.

"Dad!" he cried as he hurried into the book-filled study. "Dad!"

The old man sitting in the huge chair with his back toward the door didn't respond. He looked as if he were sleeping. Ben ran across the room and around in front of his father. "Dad!" he said softly.

No response. Ben put out his hand and shook the old man gently. The head rolled sidewise. The eyes were open, sightless. There was a peaceful expression on the dead man's classic face.

"Oh, Dad!"

Frantically then Ben began an examination of his father. The old man had always enjoyed good health. No heart trouble. None of the ills that usually strike men of seventy. What had happened? No marks anywhere.

It was the coroner, who arrived a few minutes later, that made the discovery. A tiny hole, like a needle puncture, was found at the base of the old man's brain. It was so small that only a single drop of blood had oozed out and congealed.

But what made it?" cried young Ben. "It looks like an ice pick, or hat pin—"

"Yes, my boy." The coroner shook his head. "It is just as much a mystery to me as to you. But the officers will surely turn up something. They are now interviewing the servants. May I ask, did your father, Sir John, have any enemies?"

Ben shook his head. "None that I know of. Naturally, anyone in his business—collecting rare items—runs into some rivalry, especially when one is in the habit of paying fabulous prices for a piece he wanted, as my father always did."

Inspector Horn stepped into the room. After the introductions—

"About this Mark Henders, your father's secretary," he began.

Ben said quickly, "Oh, Mark's all right. Dad swore by him—but I don't see how—"

"Exactly," said the Inspector. "That's what has me troubled. Your father's study has only one door, the one leading into that little ante-room where Mark has his office. All the windows in the study are locked, from the inside. There is no fireplace, nor any secret panels. Whoever killed your father must have come through the ante-room, yet Henders swears no one did."

Ben looked puzzled. "W-what was he killed with? I mean, could there be some mistake about that little hole?"

"I doubt it very much." The Inspector looked grave. "I believe when the autopsy is performed we'll find that your father died of a most deadly poison, injected by some sort of hypodermic."

The La Farge case dragged on for days, and no one got anywhere. Poison was found in the body of Sir John La Farge. But of motive, or murderer, there was no clue.

Ben's nerves were frayed to the breaking point. Then one evening he read in the London Times that the famous young American detective, Richard Mace, was in town. Ben called the hotel where he was staying and was fortunate to find him in. He quickly detailed the situation.

"Yes, Mr. La Farge," said Dick, "I've been reading about the case. A nasty business—yes—But of course if you wish. Although Scotland Yard—"

POLICE COMICS

And that was how Dick Mace got on the trail of an eerie mystery.

The first thing Dick did was to again examine everybody who was known to have been in the house at the time of the murder. He was particularly careful of Mark Henders. But Mark was so positive that no one could have got past him that Dick gave up and began looking elsewhere.

As yet, no arrest had been made, but Dick knew that Mark Henders was slated to be picked up the next morning. He was, after all, the leading suspect.

And sure enough, early the following morning, the police arrived and took Mark away with them.

It was then Dick learned about something that made him start a new tack. The butler, Hobbs, had inadvertently dropped a hint when Dick questioned him about any changes having been made in La Farge's study.

"No changes, sir, have ever been made in that room in the 19 years I have served the master," said Hobbs. "But a couple of weeks ago the master bought a new antique piece and had it placed in the study."

Dick brightened. "Yes? What?"

"The chair, sir. That chair in which he was found dead. It was a most valuable piece, sir, and very rare."

Dick hurried to the study and began a minute examination of the chair. Aside from being beautifully hand carved—definitely a very old Italian work of art—there was nothing strange about the chair.

That afternoon Dick spent in the library poring over ancient manuscripts and books on the subject of antique furniture. He made one discovery. He found out who had made the chair purchased by the late Sir John. Only there had been two chairs of identical workmanship built by the early artist.

Dick ran his finger down the fine print. Then he came to the name of the builder, Cariccio, (1639-1707).

Dick's next task was to look up several London dealers in rare furniture. After five tries, he found his man, one Aaron Devilbuus, a Hollander.

"And these Cariccio chairs," said Dick. "You say Sir John bought both of them and had them sent to his home."

"Dot iss right, Mynheer Mace," replied the Dutchman. "For fifteen t'ousand poundts I sell dose rare chairs of Cariccio. Mynheer La Farge take dem home immediately."

"But there is only one chair," said Dick. "The one he was murdered in. Where is the other?"

"Ah-hh!" said Devilbuus softly. "So iss? Den de vun he die in—it iss—"

"I'll soon know whether it is or not," said Dick. "Of course I'm certain it is. But what I want to know is, where is the other one?"

As he drove speedily back to the La Farge home, Dick had formulated a plan to trap the murderer. First, he stopped off at headquarters and asked to have Mark Henders released in custody and brought back to the house. His wish was granted. When he arrived, he had to wait only a half hour before the suspect came in with two officers. In the interim he had made a careful examination of the chair.

He was in the study when the officers brought Mark in.

"Now," said Dick, "in order to reconstruct this case I'd like to have Mr. Henders sit in that chair a moment—"

"No!" cried Mark, paling. "No, no! I—"

"Why not?" Dick demanded. "Sit down, Mark!"

Cautiously the secretary sat. Sat very stiff and erect. His face was a white mask.

"Lean back, Mark. It's a comfortable chair."

"No, I tell you—he died in this chair."

Dick shoved him back hard. "Now," he said, "run your hands over the arms, Mark. Feel that fine carving."

Henders leaped out of the chair and headed for a window, but one of the officers tripped him.

"He's your man, gentlemen," said Dick. "He was afraid to touch those arms, because there was a secret spring in the right one—a spring that actuated a hollow needle filled with deadly poison. The needle that pierced Sir John's brain. Only, I took the trouble to remove the needle some time ago."

Dick now turned full upon Mark. "What I want to know, Mark," said he, "is where you put the other chair—the harmless one."

Mark was silent, sullen. The officer to whom he was handcuffed gave the cuffs a little twist. Mark cried out. The cuffs tightened, threatened to break his wrist.

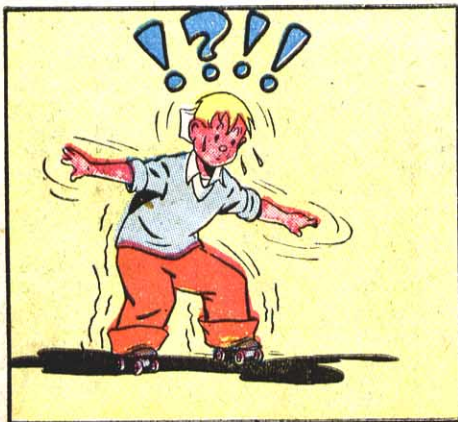
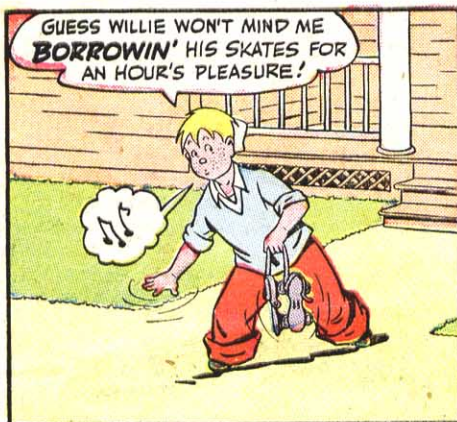
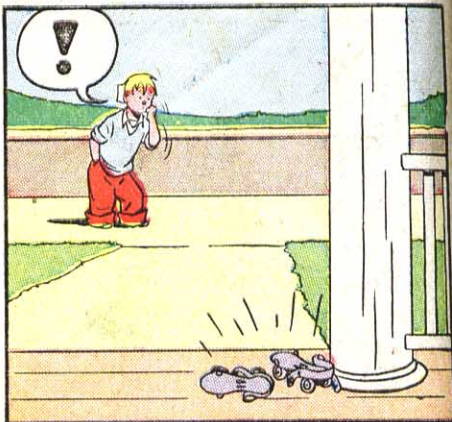
"All right," he cried, "I'll tell. I burned the other one in the furnace."

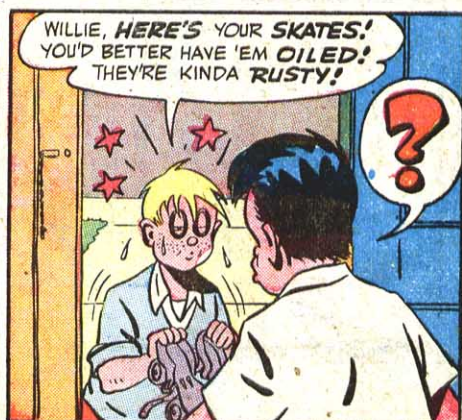
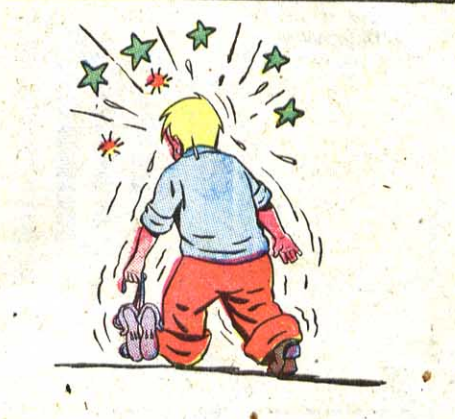
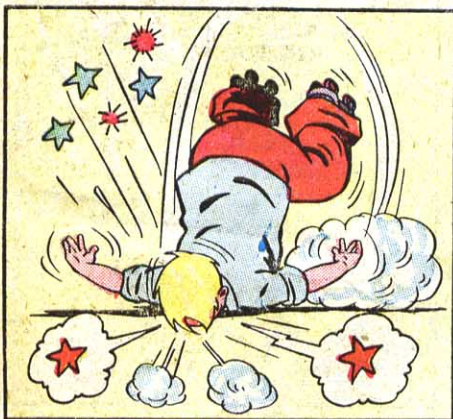
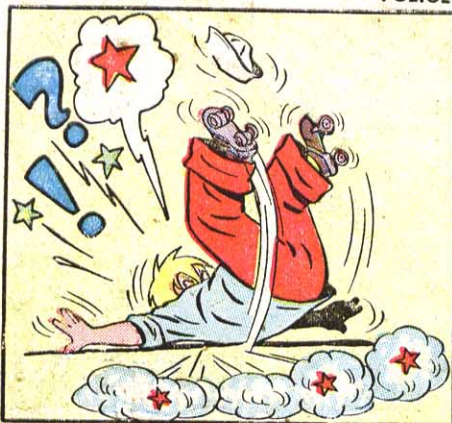
"You burned the one Sir John meant to have in his study. Is that right?" demanded Dick.

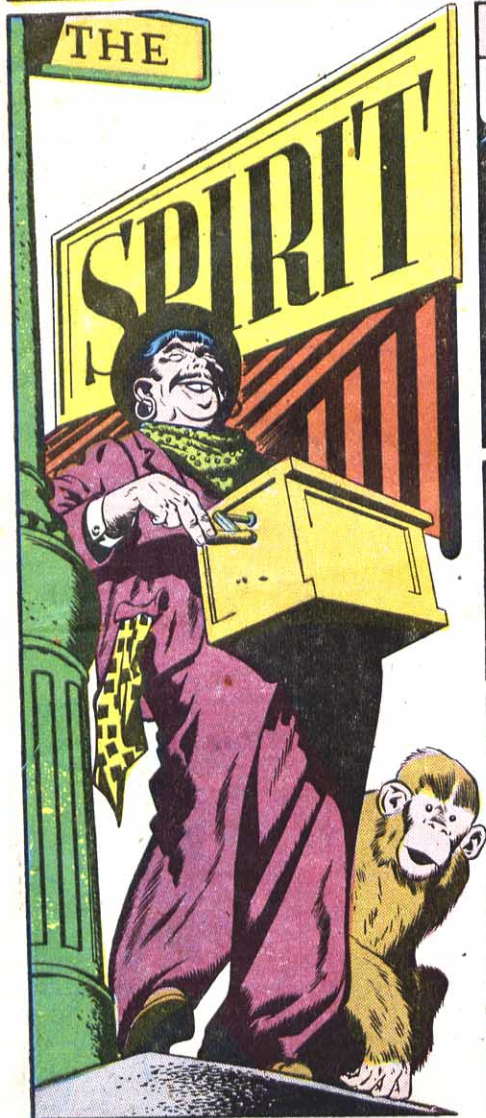
Mark nodded.

"And Mark's motive, gentlemen," said Dick, "was the usual one: murder for money. Sir John had stipulated a large sum on his death to be paid young Mark. Naturally, being Sir John's private secretary, Mark saw that will."

SPECKS







Here's a GOOD LOOK at two crooks the cops have yearned to see...

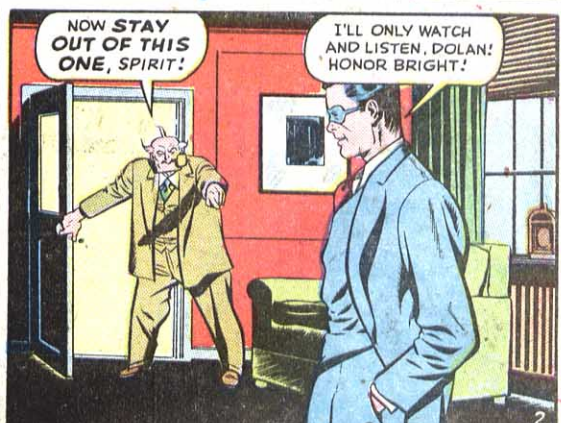
AIN'T NO LOCK
I CAN'T JIMMY
OPEN, SNICK!

LET ME AT THE
SAFE WITH THIS
SOUP!

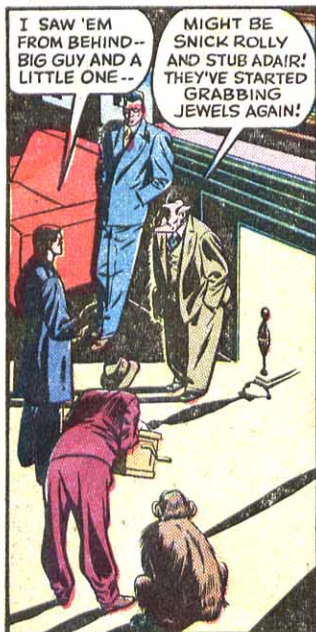


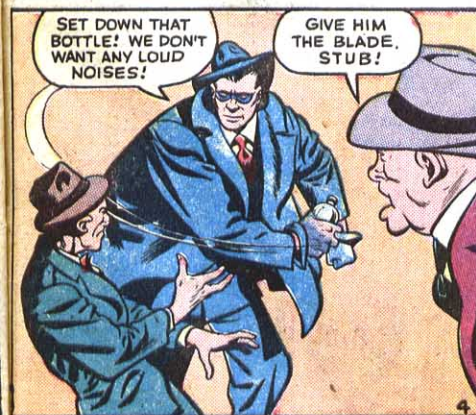
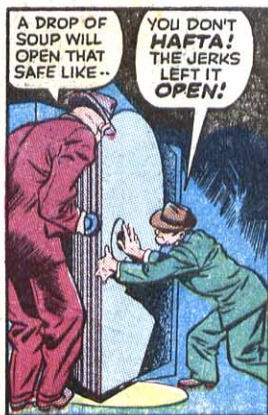
HALT!
IN THE NAME
OF THE LAW!



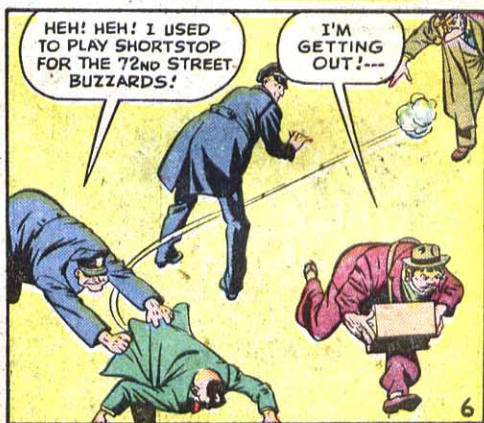


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